

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 2.—Number 84.

Grand Haven, Mich., August 15, 1880.

Terms:—\$1.00 per Annum.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Published every Wednesday.
By J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,
(First door above the Post-Office.)
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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Job Printing.

All kinds of Book, Card, Post-Bill, Catalogue or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Blanks of all kinds, printed to order, with neatness and dispatch.

Patronage is respectfully solicited.
Letters relating to business, to receive attention, must be addressed to the Publishers.

J. & J. W. BARNES, PUBLISHERS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. R. Sanford, Sheriff of Ottawa Co., Grand Haven, Mich.

James P. Scott, Clerk and Register of Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Office at the Court House.

George Parks, Treasurer of Ottawa County, Grand Haven, Mich.

Atwood Brothers, Counselors at Law, Office, up stairs, 2nd door above the News Office, Washington St., Grand Haven, Mich.

Rasch & Fiebig, Wagon-Makers—in all of its departments. Shop, corner of Canal (west side), and Bridge Streets, Grand Rapids, Mich. [15 661]

American House, Muskegon, Mich. H. W. Sears, Proprietor. This House is now well furnished in all respects for the accommodation of the public and pleasantly located opposite the Steamboat landing. Persons visiting Muskegon are invited to call. [15 64 66]

Frank C. Stuart, Watch and Clock Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street Gr. Haven, Michigan. A New and select assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, &c., just received. Prices low and terms cash. Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited. Grand Haven, March 21st, 1880. [15 64 66]

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon. Office, second door above News Office, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third Mondays of each Month.

Charles E. Cole, County Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Leveler. Post-Office Address: Berlin, Ottawa County, Mich.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in Stores, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spikes, Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Wares. Job work done on short notice. Corner of Washington and First sts., Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg, Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, &c. State Street, Mill Point, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Provision Merchant. One door below the Post Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Warts & Stedman, Dealers in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St., Grand Haven, Mich.

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the Lamont Premium Mills, dealer in Merchandise, Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and Mill Feed, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Ottawa County, Michigan.

Noah Perkins, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, &c. Opposite the store of J. H. Newcomb, State St., Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St., next door to the Drug Store.

Lewis Porter, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Office, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Robinson & Co., Billiard Saloon, (up stairs), second door east of the Ottawa House, Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

O. H. Silver, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office opposite the Post-Office, Grand Haven, Mich.

What's thy Watchword?

What's thy watchword, brother, toiling
Where the hurrying stream of life
Sweeps along, 'mid fierce turmoil,
Anxious cares and restless strife?
Many delve and toil in blindness,
Lured by phantoms fair and gay;
Brother! then, in love and kindness,
What's thy watchword? let me say.

Is it "Pleasure?" Seek it never
Where the gay and thoughtless throng;
Flies it from the wine cup ever,
And from bacchanalian song?
But the Christ like, the pure hearted,
Dwell beneath joy's purest light;
And whoever will, may find it
In the holy paths of right.

Do the glittering earth toys lure thee
For the love of sordid gain?
Wouldst thou bid the immortal spirit
With a gleaming, golden chain?
Bind it to thy hoarded treasure,
In the gay world's busy mart?
O, be wise! for with the treasure
Ever more will dwell the heart.

Wouldst thou reach a clime immortal,
Where brightest flowers bloom?
Far beyond death's shadowy portal,
Far beyond the dreary tomb?
Of the treasures vanish never!
Where the blessed angels roam—
Joy and gladness dwell forever
In the Christian's happy home.

Mortal! wake from sinful slumber!
Strive to do the good ye can,
And though eases the mind encounter,
Learn the brotherhood of man,
Of be strong, be brave, be earnest,
Onward! upward, be thy way,
Then will Faith's clear light conduct thee
Unto pure and perfect day.

It is time to begin the labors of the Campaign.

Any person who will take the trouble to ascertain the feeling and sentiment among the people, will be satisfied that all that is necessary to carry the State for the Democracy is a little efficient and well-directed labor. The public understanding is ripe for the business. The people have nominated Mr. Douglas. He stands on a platform which they understand to be a safe and just platform towards all sections of the Union. It is their platform. They understand that the interest of the State of Michigan, and of every inhabitant thereof, demands the election of John S. Barry and the entire Democratic State ticket. They feel like doing this work. They are able and willing to do it. They have suffered enough from black republican rule.

The simple question is, shall we take hold together, and move steadily on to the accomplishment of our purpose, with a will and an energy that cannot be defeated. Every man knows that if the issues, both State and National, could be stripped of party ties and party discipline, that nineteen-twentieths of the people would vote for the principles and measures now advocated by the Democracy.

Will party ties and pride of consistency defeat the expression of the popular heart? Can the republican party hold the State longer? We do not believe it. The convictions of the public will be made known at the ballot box; it will burst forth with an enthusiasm that will be irresistible, if it shall have an opportunity. If this State be not carried by the Democracy, it will be the fault of those men who seek to be and are looked up to as leaders. We cannot, ought not, to indulge in divisions or indecision. The Democracy of the State has made its choice of candidates for the Presidency, and put forward a strong State ticket, and men who are true to party allegiance, who love democracy because of its principles, and because they have left a glorious record for the party and the country, are now ready for another contest. The harvest is now nearly complete—and a good harvest it has been—and the people are now anxious to enter the political harvest. Don't hold back any longer. Let every man roll up his sleeves and pitch in. There is something for every man to do. Your honest neighbor is seeking for light. Go and see him. If he has ever had a spark of Democracy in him, he will rally to the old battle cry. See that he has a Democratic newspaper. Induce him to turn out to the first Democratic meeting. Invite him, if he used to be a Democrat, to come back. If an old-line whig, ask him into the National party. There are ten times the number of men necessary to change the State, who for six years have voted

with the republicans, who now wish to vote the Democratic ticket. Why not take hold of the work? Every inducement of patriotism, love for the Union and personal security and prosperity appeals with trumpet tongue to the people of this Union and State to stand by and sustain the Democracy. People of the towns! People of the county! Don't wait any longer. Call your protracted meetings, make your own speeches, distribute your documents and papers, do your own talking in a kind convincing way. The most of your fellow-citizens are honest. They seek to do right.—Don't repel them by political or personal abuse. Work faithfully and honestly, unitedly, systematically, and the State of Michigan will be redeemed.

[Lansing Journal.]

Prof. Steiner, the aeronaut who made an ascension from Milwaukee on the 4th of July last, and landed in Lake Michigan, has been astonishing the people of St. Lawrence county, New York, by his feats. He made an ascension last week in company with another, and when at the height of two miles Steiner took a parachute and descended to the earth.—The spectators were thrilled at the sight and stood breathless as the daring aeronaut was descending. This has long been a favorite feat with the English and French aeronauts. A parachute is made chiefly of silk or canvass in the form of an umbrella, so as to gather the air in its descent, and therefore fall steadily with its weight suspended underneath. It contains no gas and the aeronaut has no control over it except his weight keeps it steady and right side up in its descent.

LEFT THE GAS BURNING AND WENT TO EUROPE.—The New York correspondent of the Mobile Register, relates the following:

"Recently a gentleman returned from Europe; he had been absent with his family seven months. He paid his gas bill the day he left, and the house had not been opened for seven months, and yet when it was, the gas man took a return from the meter, and a bill was made out for \$52. Mr. Grinnell went and complained to the secretary, related the circumstances, and threatened exposure for such a bare-faced robbery. He refused to pay the bill.

"Very well, sir," replied the secretary. Mr. G. went home and told his wife. "Pay it," said she. "Why so?" said he. "Because," said she, "the day we left New York, I had to go back to the house for some articles I had forgot. The window shutters were fastened; I lit the gas; the other day, when we returned, I found it still burning."

The bill was paid, for a steady gas flame had been burning for seven months.

THE WESTERN GRAIN CROP.—Wells' Commercial Express, of Chicago, gives the result of the wheat crop of 1879, as marketed at that point, as follows: In flour, 711,302 barrels; in wheat, 8,842,461 bushels; total equal to 12,498,971 bushels, exceeding the receipts from the crop of 1857 by 3,709,839 bushels. The Express states its commercial reputation on the truth of the prediction that Chicago will receive nearly if not quite fifty million bushels of grain from the country which seeks its market there in the year from August 1, 1880, to August 1, 1881. The corn receipts at Chicago from the last crop have already reached twelve million bushels. Receipts of new wheat are already beginning to be liberal, and will soon be large.

IMPENDING CRISIS.—Heller's Crisis, a book endorsed by sixty-eight Republican Members of Congress, says:

"You may frown and fret, but we will abolish slavery so help us God, though it bring on civil war, though it may dissolve the Union; nay, annihilate the solar system, yet our determination is as fixed as the eternal pillars of heaven."

BIG HOTEL.—The Overton Hotel, now in process of construction in Nashville, Tennessee, has been leased, at \$22,500 per annum, to Chadwick & Aykes, of the Girard House, of Philadelphia. The entire cost of this magnificent building will be about \$400,000.

ENLISTMENTS.—Of twenty thousand persons who applied for enlistment in the United States Army last year, only eighteen hundred were physically qualified for admission. The average number of candidates accepted is one to every nine who apply.

—When the wolf turns moralist, always look to your lambs.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—The clock in the tower of the Cathedral of Strasburg, is not only a monster in size, but is the most wonderful piece of mechanism in the world. It is one hundred feet high, thirty feet wide, and fifteen deep. About twenty feet from the bottom is the dial, on each side of which is a cherub, holding a small mallet in his hand, while over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter. Fifty feet above the dial is a colossal figure of Time, with a bell in his left hand and a scythe in his right. A figure of a young man in front strikes the third quarter on the bell in Time's left hand, and then turns and glides with a slow step around behind Time, when out comes an old man with a mallet and places himself in front of the great reaper. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man deliberately strikes, with much power, twelve times on the bell. He then glides slowly behind Time, and the young man again comes out and takes his position, ready to do his duty when called upon by the machinery.—As soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is set in motion, some twelve feet higher, where there is a high cross with the image of Christ upon it. The instant twelve is struck a figure of one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. This is repeated until the twelve Apostles, as large as life, walk out, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous game cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps his wings, stretches forth his neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the church to some distance, and with life-like naturalness. Then all is still as death.

YOU WON'T BE DAR.—"Come here, Pompey, said a darkey to a similar specimen of animated nature the other day, "I want to propose to you a question which has lately discolored my understanding: Spose I marries a yaller gal, and lubs her berry much, and some day I gets sick and dies, and goes to heaben, and after a while anoder nigger come 'long, and marries my old woman, and lubs her too; now I want to know, arter day die and come to heaben, which of us is to hab my wench?"

Pompey stood thoughtfully for a moment, then looked Snowball in the face, and reverentially shaking his head, replied:—

"My friend, if your wife and her man go to de good land, you need hab no fears, for you won't be dar to pick any muss?"

WATERS' STEAM PLOW.—Waters pushed boldly into our office the other day. He looked well kept—not by any means so lank and lean as some other steam plow inventors we wot of. He has ceased breaking for the season. Says he has broken some 300 acres, averaging, as he has been able to work his machine with his imperfectly constructed plows, about eight acres per day. His largest day's work was 14 acres. He got \$2.50 per acre for breaking and, estimates the real cost at seventy-five cents per acre. He will build a new machine. He is satisfied, after his experience that he must have his plows differently arranged. Says each plow must operate independently of the others. We had but a few moments with him; he was on his way to Detroit.

[Prairie Farmer.]

USED TO IT.—An Irishman and a Frenchman were to be hung together.—The latter was strongly affected by his situation, while Paddy took it easy, and told his companion to keep up his spirits, for it was nothing at all to be hanged.—"Ah, by gar!" says the Frenchman, "there be von grand difference between you and me; you Irishmen are used to it!"

THE official returns of emigration from Liverpool for the half year and month, ending June 30th, amounted to 48,075, which is an increase of 6,065 over the corresponding period last year. The great bulk of this emigration was directed to the United States, viz: 807 cabin and 33,981 steerage passengers.

A FACT LITTLE KNOWN.—It is a fact little known, that for the first five years of our government, the United States always sat in secret. The first time the doors were opened for public discussion was on the contest as to the right of Albert Gallatin to a seat in the Senate.

THE POTATOE DISEASE IN IRELAND.—This disease has been ravaging the fields of the entire southern coast of Ireland. The only hope for the crop existed in the fact that fine weather might yet preserve it from destruction.

A Georgia editor has received a basket and the following message from a lady: "Mr. Editor—I send you some Bell pears, the best you Ever-ot."

A piece of barley harvested near Waterloo, Jefferson County, Wis., averaged fifty-eight bushels to the acre.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A blunder-buss—kissing the wrong woman.

—The wife's secret—her opinion of her husband.

—The greatest virtue in a sea captain—wreck-lessness.

—Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.

—The sweetest of all planets—the honey moon.

—A light fantastic tow—a steam-tug towing a sail boat.

—Zeal without knowledge is a fire without light.

—The best chaplain always makes the shortest prayers.

—He is a first rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

—The world is a sea, and life and death are its ebbing and flowing.

—How to become rich—be elected President of a bank, and rob the stockholders.

—Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn every thing beyond their range.

—Slight circumstances gives us the keenest insight into the secrets of character.

—"John, did you ever bet on a horse?"

"No, but I've seen my sister Bet on an old mare."

"My bark is wrecked" as the dog said when thrown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

—Life is a beautiful night, in which not one star goes down, but another rises to take its place.

—Suing a newspaper editor for libel is about as sensible as to boil a brickbat to get lamp oil out of it.

—Honesty is unquestionably a good policy—but under some fiery trials an insurance policy is better.

—"What do you propose to take for your gold?" "Oh, I'll sell it very cheap, I won't haggle about the price."

—"Mr. Somerset, why don't you get married?"

"Because I am too modest to ask any young lady to turn a Somerset."

"I say, Pat, are you asleep?"

"Devil the sleep."

"Then be ather kinder me a quarter."

"I'm asleep, be jabbers."

An Arkansas paper says that the girls in that State grow six feet high.—Prentice says they must be uncommonly well cultivated.

"Gentlemen, my political grave is dug." This is said to have been Lincoln's exclamation on hearing of the little Giant's nomination.

—You must persuade a child to place confidence in you, if you wish to form an open, upright character; you cannot terrify it into habits of truth.

"Gentlemen," said a tavern-keeper to his guests, at midnight, "I don't know whether you have talked enough or not, but as for myself I am going to shut up."

"That's very singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear Miss, I will soon make it plural!"

—It is said that Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, differ in politics. Both are democrats, but Chang is now for Breckinridge and Eng for Douglas.

—First Boy—What does he do with all them whiskers?

Second Boy—"Why, when he's got enough of 'em off to stuff his easy chair with."

—An Irish pedagogue recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all ships and vessels afloat, except mail steamers and men-of-war.

—A friend at our elbow says there is a piece of road not two miles from here so narrow that when two teams meet they have both to get over the fence before either can pass.

—They have a new way of hatching chickens in the West, by which a single maternal hen is made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs and place a hen over the bung hole.

—A sick boy, dreadfully sick from chewing tobacco, lay on a store box.—Another boy sympathized with and cheered him, by saying, "Grin and bear it, Bill—we've all got to come to it sometime."

—They have got a new plan in operation down east, for the demolition of bed-bugs. It is done by steam. One wheel catches them by the nose—another draws their teeth—while a neat little piston-rod punches three grains of arsenic down their throats.

—A man in stopping his paper recently wrote:

"I think folks don't ort to spend thare munny on papers, my father never, did an evry boddly sed he was thees smartest man in the kountree, and had got the intellygentist familly of buoys that ever dug taters."

Ex-Governor Bingham's Testimony and Pledges—Keep them Before the People.

"I am happy to be able to congratulate you at your meeting upon the highly favorable and prosperous condition of the State. During the past year the fields of agriculture have yielded an abundance, and the husbandman is receiving a rich reward for his industry—the mechanic and laborer have been well requited for their toil—every branch of commerce has met with signal success—the tide of emigration has brought a large accession to our numbers, of an intelligent and enterprising class of citizens—the unoccupied portions of our State have been rapidly filling up—the interests of education have received unusual attention—our schools and seminaries of learning are in a flourishing condition—and happiness, prosperity and peace prevail throughout our State and country.

"The funded debt of the State amounts to \$2,387,581 69, of which \$100,000 falls due in May 1880; \$106,000 in July 1880; \$20,000 in January 1881; \$40,000 in January 1882; and \$519,391 in January 1883. There had been accumulated in the State Treasury, and was on hand on the first day of December last, \$552,000 08, which has been paid in as principal chiefly upon the educational funds of the State.

"The State is perfectly free from embarrassment in her financial condition, and it is believed that by the practice of a proper system of economy, no resort to direct taxation will be required to meet the ordinary expenses of the government.

"Soon after the formation of our State government, prompted by the wild spirit of excitement and speculation which prevailed at that period, with a comparatively small population, and no resources, she embarked in a gigantic system of internal improvement. An immense debt was created, upon which the interest was accumulating at a fearful rate, and the works upon which she was engaged, yielding little or no immediate return, the State was soon brought to the verge of bankruptcy and ruin. Fortunately for our people, the Legislature was enabled to dispose of the two principal works, and although the State suffered considerable loss yet she was relieved from immediate embarrassment, and with a judicious and economical management of her resources, will soon be relieved from debt altogether. We were taught by this experience of the State, the fallacy of undertaking the construction and management of public works which can be so much better done by private capital and enterprise."

[Ex-Gov. Bingham's Inaugural Address, January 4, 1855.]

SHOCKING FATE OF A LOST CHILD.—

The New York Mercury of Monday, publishes the following:

"Several notices have recently been published concerning a child named Thomas Henry Finley, aged 4½ years, who disappeared on July 5th, having followed from home the band of Turners, who held a picnic that day. His dead body was found on Saturday, near the Kossuth woods, on 'the Neck,' by Mr. Wm. Stevens, who was gunning. The barking of his dog in a marsh having attracted his attention, he went to the spot and found the body almost imbedded in mud. The child had, evidently, followed the procession to the vicinity, and having started to return to his home on the hill over the meadows, had become fastened in the mire and perished from exposure and hunger. During the night of the 5th his cries were heard, but nothing unusual was suspected, and no search was undertaken. The eyes and nose of the unfortunate had been eaten away, probably by muskrats, and the body was otherwise mutilated. One thumb was in his mouth, showing that in the agony of starvation the lad had attempted to relieve himself. He had perhaps lingered in this horrible condition for two or three days, under a broiling sun by day and exposed to cold at night, and finally perished. The case is one of the most affecting that has occurred for a long time. Coroner Craven announced the sad intelligence to the bereaved parents, and the scene that followed was very touching."

INDIAN KILLED BY A SNAKE.—

An Indian of the Potawatomi tribes was bitten by a rattlesnake one day last week, near Bradywine Lake, in Pine Grove, Van Buren County. He was in a swamp near the lake, picking whortleberries, when the snake, which was on the bushes, struck him on the arm. The Indian rushed out of the swamp to join his companions, but died in great agony about forty minutes after.

TALL THRESHING.—

Mr. John F. Murphy, with a machine of his own, threshed on the farm of Mr. F. M. Holloway, from 1 o'clock P. M. to 7½ P. M., three hundred and eighty-five bushels of wheat, all cleaned and ready for market. Mr. Wm. C. Lyman fed the machine, and was assisted by ten thorough-going Douglas democrats. Who'll say there are not "Little Giants" yet living.

[Hillsdale Democrat, Aug. 2.]